

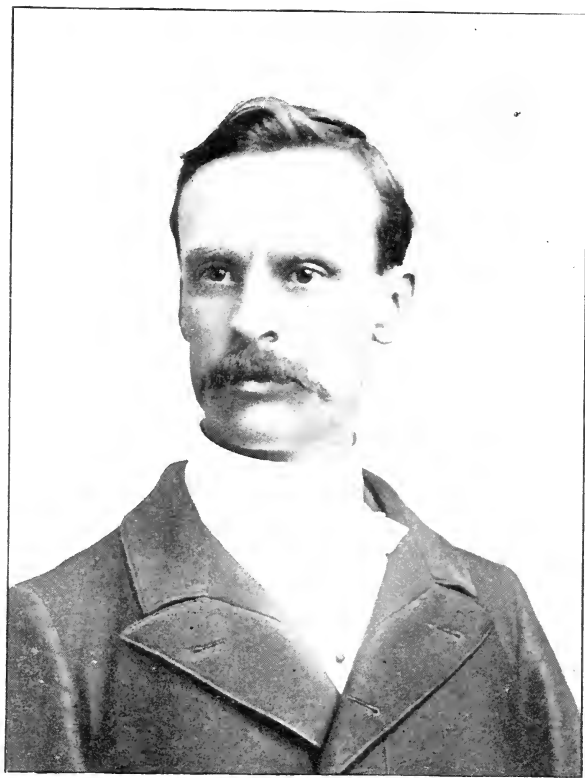
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ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.



The Town With A Bell,  
And Other Poems, ❀ ❀ ❀

BY

ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.

Dec 4, 1899  
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sent to order ind.

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ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.

Dedicated to Mrs. E. A. Foster,  
the wife whose faithfulness merits  
my love.







Orland Ind. Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> 99.  
Mr. W. A. Foster.

Dear Sir,

November the 17<sup>th</sup> - I received a  
La Grange Standard of Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> inst.,  
in which you have so kindly remembered  
my little bell and myself, for which  
I thank you ever so much, it is not  
often that a person hears anything good  
said of himself, the best is most always  
foremost.

Your verses came just in the right time as a  
birthday gift, as I was Eighty One year old  
the seventeenth of this month.

My wife sends her best love to your wife  
and yourself, and with the kindest greeting  
I am Respectfully yours

C. Schneider



## THE TOWN WITH A BELL.

---

There is a pleasant country town  
Not many miles away,  
Where most Vermonters live, I guess,  
And likely they will stay.

They call the village Orland, now,  
Vermont it used to be;  
No matter much about the name,  
It's pleasant quite to see.

They boast no factories nor cars,  
The wheel's their chief delight;  
If it wasn't quite so hard to find,  
The town would be all right.

They have good churches, preachers, too.  
Their schools are up to date:  
A mill pond on the crooked creek,  
And lots of time to skate.

A lecture course they're giving now,  
Please tell it all around;  
The people there are kind and good,  
As any you have found.

Another thing about this town  
I most desire to tell,  
Is of the Christian Schneider man,  
Who rings his little bell.

He has a bell upon his house,  
And no odds what's the weather,  
He rings his bell at six o'clock,  
So folks can rise together.

For forty years or more they say  
    He's rung his little bell,  
At morning, noon, and night again,  
    No matter sick or well.

This bell has regulated long  
    The movements of the town,  
And no one living there would say,  
    “You'd better take it down.”

And Christian is a man of worth,  
    As every one will say,  
The town will miss him when his bell  
    Don't ring at break of day.

Long live the ringer and his bell,  
    Peace to the little town ;  
I hope they'll have a street car yet,  
    So we can all go down.

## SUGAR MAKIN'.

---

In the spring-time when the sun  
Is warmin' up the trees,  
And now and then you hear around  
Your ears the hummin' bees.

And the sap is just a startin'  
From the roots up to the buds,  
And you feel as if you had to be  
A huntin' lighter duds.

When the morning sun's a shinin'  
And the fog's a floatin' round,  
And it's reasonably certain  
That the frost'll leave the ground.

And you're standin' round a grinnin',  
Wonderin' what your dad's about  
Whittlin' elders for and makin' troughs  
And gittin' the augers out.

When at last dad says to mother,  
"Hanner, guess I'll tap the trees,  
If we get our 'maple 'lasses,'  
Better make 'em durin' this freeze."

Just when dad said "maple 'lasses,"  
You knew what he was about  
Whittlin' elders for and makin' troughs  
And gittin' the augers out.

Then your heart began a thumpin'  
And your mouth a waterin' too,  
And you waded round with dad,  
Doin' all that you could do.

Openin' trees and makin' spiles  
    To fit the auger holes ;  
And a wishin' you had a pair o' boots  
    That wasn't leaky round the soles.

When the maple sap was runnin'  
    And the troughs were leakin' full,  
Sister Mary said to mother  
    "Let us have a taffy pull."

But 'most every lad, you know,  
    Has an awkward greenin' time  
When for things like taffy pullin'  
    He doesn't care a dime.

So 'most all you cared about  
    Was the leaky sugar shed,  
Just to be a bilin' sap  
    When you'd or'to be in bed.



But the taffy pullin' came  
And what a time you had  
Makin' sugar 'n' eatin' wax,  
It even tickled dad

To see the youngsters rompin' 'round  
A havin' such a time,  
And mother said it made her think  
When she was in her prime,

Of how the young folks all would do  
When sugar makin' came,  
But things have changed so much now days  
It isn't near the same.

The trees are dead, the shed's torn down,  
The house is altered some,  
And mother isn't there no more,  
When sugar makin's come.

And sister Mary's dead 'n' gone,  
And father's voice is still,  
And all around the home is left  
A void that none can fill.

And yet sweet memories are there  
Which cluster round the home  
And make the season bright with hope  
When sugar makin's come.



## JOGGIN' HOME.

---

I've been a joltin' along to-day,  
Over the corduroy ;  
It reminds me of joggin' home, you know,  
When I was but a boy.

When dad'n me had been to town,  
With hay or straw a jiggin',  
And was ridin' home at eventime  
On the naked riggin'.

Or when we'd been a haulin' rails,  
And logs for cribs a draggin',  
And was a joggin' home at night, you see,  
On the bolster of the wagon.



A PIECE OF CORDUROY.

Or when we'd rode the corduroy,  
Till most we'd fell apart;  
And was ridin' home about sundown,  
In dad's old lumber cart.

I used to think it pretty hard,  
And fell to growlin' some;  
But dad would say, so patient like,  
"Don't mind, we're joggin' home."

And since I've left the farm and home,  
And ain't no more a boy,  
I wish I wor ridin' home with dad,  
Over the corduroy.

The most of us have corduroy,  
And go thru life a joggin';  
For me at any rate I find,  
It ain't a smooth toboggin.

But when the way is loggy like  
And I am weary-some,  
I think I hear my father say,  
“Don’t mind, we’re joggin’ home.”

So I will keep the narrow way,  
And never, never roam,  
Until I meet the loved ones dear,  
Who’ve left me joggin’ home.



## THE DRUNKEN SAILOR.

---

Upon the pebbled beach  
A drunken sailor lay,  
Unnoticed by the throng  
That moved along the way.

Upon his swollen face  
Deep lines of sorrow fell,  
His bloodshot, reddened eyes  
Had stories sad to tell.

They told of childhood's days,  
Of mother's fondest care,  
And father's loving ways,  
Of youth so bright and rare.

They told of manhood's morn,  
When once his hope was strong  
Of blessings heaven born  
Before he'd known the wrong.

Yes, we could read in them  
Of years he'd spent in sin;  
We see a warning here,  
Oh, young man don't begin !

We halted just to read  
The lessons on his face,  
We would that men might heed  
And help to save the race.

We wept while standing there  
And longed to see the day  
When open grog-shops were  
From earth e'er wiped away

He told of licensed crime,  
Of many laws unjust,  
Of ruin sure in time,  
Who drinks, come here he must.



How many ruined men,  
    Unnoticed by the throng,  
Have fallen into sin  
    Because of licensed wrong.

And while he drunken lay,  
    Upon the pebbled shore,  
The tide swept him away  
    And he was seen no more.

How many men like he,  
    Unnoticed by the throng,  
Are ruined in the sea  
    Of law-supported wrong.

And yet we stand unmoved,  
    It's true but sad to tell,  
We've by our votes approved  
    This open way to hell.

## SONG OF EDEN.

---

It was a dismal, desolate hour for man  
When from his God by sin he fell in shame,  
And lost the image of his Maker there.  
Oh, the tempestuous hours the fall produced!  
The sin-cursed pair beheld their ruin sure;  
They saw in view for them no ray of hope,  
Earth blackened with the pall of deepest  
gloom.

Deceived by him who father is of lies,  
Trembling with fear the guilty pair await,  
As they suppose, the wrath of God on them.  
Low in the pit of never-ending night  
All Hell is holding carnival of mirth.  
The victory seems to them to be complete,  
And Satan boasts himself the Prince of Earth.  
But ah! dismay for them has quickly come,  
Light penetrates the low abyss of sin:  
God's walking in the garden brings to man  
Not wrath but mercy full and free through  
one

Who though of woman's seed should Satan  
bruise,

And put all Hell for aye in endless night,  
Bring earth to Eden by the way of life  
And man to God redeem by woman's seed.  
And so, the Christ, the woman's seed, foretold  
By all the holy prophets since the fall;  
The second Adam, was the sinless man,  
Both human and Divine.

Of Him, who with the Father was eternal,  
Equal too; sing heavenly Muse;  
For He hath brought by His own life and  
blood

To all mankind the bread of life and too,  
Hath reconciled to God the race of sinners,  
Each who will by faith accept the plan.

Inspire us then as holy ones of old  
Were taught to tell His coming, where and  
how,

E'en to the time, the place, the hour and all.  
Teach us to know Him who was, and is,  
And is to come, that we may also sing.



A HAPPY HOME.

## A HAPPY HOME.

---

There's gathered round my boyhood days,  
Fond memories and rare,  
Of rural home and hearthstone bright,  
Of morn and evening prayer.

Our home though humble in the woods  
On land we had to clear,  
Was neat and clean and had a stamp  
That made it rich and dear.

It was the stamp of industry,  
Of intellect and love,  
Of honest toil and peace supreme,  
Type of that home above.

No drunkenness was there to mar  
The peace and joy of home;  
But temperance and purity  
Bid many blessings come.

No pipes nor cigarettes, cigars,  
Nor filthy chewing cud,  
For mother said it wasn't nice  
And her boys never should.

No cider, alcohol, nor beer  
On side board or in cellar,  
But wholesome food of every kind,  
With apples rich and meller.

The Bible had its proper place,  
The top book on the table,  
And family prayer must come before  
The work in field or stable.

Some people in these days would say  
"Such living's puritanic,"  
And yet it saved us all, thank God,  
From habits most Satanic.

We're scattered now and don't go home  
As often as we should,  
But our home altar still survives,  
And oh, it does us good

To know that since we are to-day  
Four homes instead of one,  
Our parents join us in our prayers  
Before the day is done.

And oh how sweet it is, you know,  
To go home once a year  
And take the top book down and read  
And pray with loved ones dear.

No happier home on earth can be  
Than one where no sin stains,  
Though humble it may be and poor  
There's joy if Jesus reigns.

## “THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.”

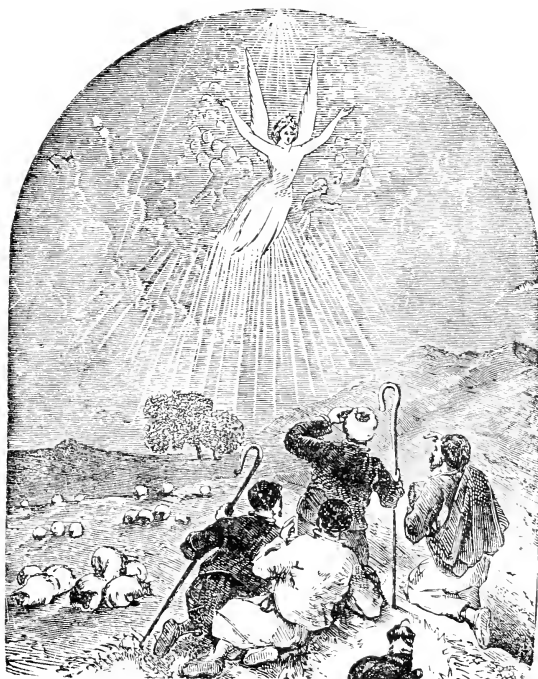
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Look yonder ! See that star ?  
It's halted o'er the stall,  
A Babe is there so wondrous fair  
He's come to save us all.

The world from sin and awful shame  
He freely came to save,  
He lowly graced the manger there  
And too, His life He gave.

Without that star no Christmas bells,  
No blessed joyous hope;  
In sin, and sorrow, want and woe,  
Mankind would ever grope.





"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM"

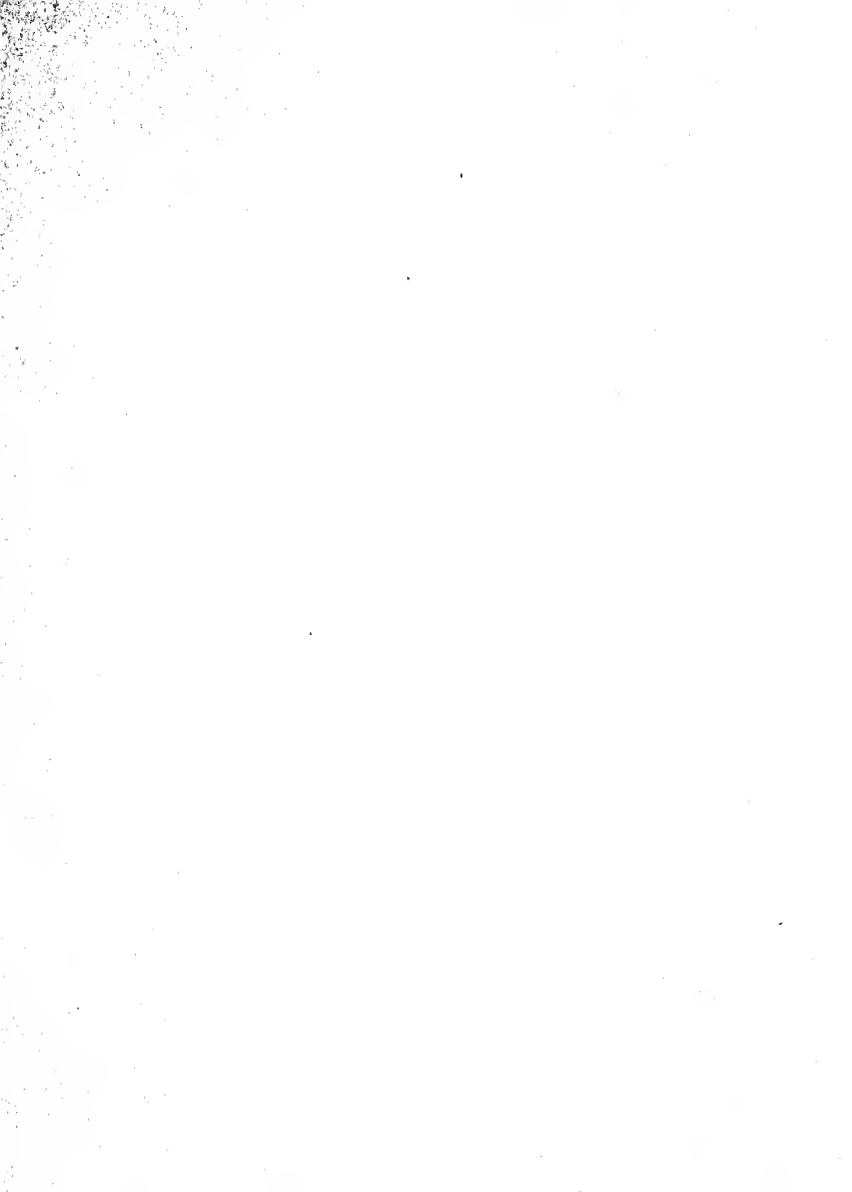
Hail ! star of light and life, and love,  
Hail Babe of Virgin birth,  
Hail to the angel and his song,  
Good will and peace on earth.

Oh star ! we leap at thought of thee,  
We worship now, as then  
The shepherds did who by thee led  
Bowed to the Prince of Men.

THE END.







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